



# THE RETIRING LECKY.

OH, LECKY, WE SHALL MISS YOU !

[“Professor LECKY, M.P., is about to retire from Parliament.”—*Daily Paper.*]

## AT ANCHOR.

(To G. D. R.)

We had cleft the salt sea bravely, but the wind went out  
and died ;  
And I heard the sails a-flapping as we drifted with the tide ;  
With the swaying masts above us drawing curves across the  
blue,  
And the long smooth swell to swing us—and it's then I  
thought of you !

For the wind it died at evening, and it left us rolling free,  
Rolling free and loose and lazy in the hollows of the sea ;  
And the sea-birds came to mock us :—“ Who are these that  
lie at rest  
In the ocean's easy cradle while we hurry on our quest ? ”

Then they gathered half a hundred, while we heard their  
pass-word ring,  
And without a splash or flutter they were off upon the wing ;  
Fifty cormorants a-scudding in a swift and level flight  
Scarce a foot above the surface, till they settled out of sight.

But the wise old gull kept with us, and his flight was never  
fast,  
But sedate and poised and sober, as he circled round the mast,

As he circled close and closer, and anon went soaring high  
With a flash of snowy glory on the azure of the sky.

“ Look alive, my men, be ready ! ”—’twas the captain  
singing clear—  
“ We might drift and get no further if we tried for half a year ;  
Though the harbour's close and handy, it might just as well  
be far,  
For we draw twelve feet of water, and it's ten above the  
bar.”

Then we folded in our pinions, and the masts were stark  
and plain,  
And away we swung our anchor with a rattle of the chain ;  
And the night spread out her kirtle, and the stars came  
peeping through,  
And the shoreward lights were gleaming—and it's then I  
thought of you !

For I saw you by the river—it was just a waking dream—  
On the grassy banks that fledge it, and we walked beside  
the stream ;  
Oh, it's then I thought and wondered if you spared a  
thought for me,  
You on land for me at anchor in the hollows of the sea.

R. C. L.

## SWEETNESS AND STRENGTH.

[Among the more clamorous topics of the holiday season must be reckoned the important questions which have been lately exercising our contemporaries, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, namely, "Should Women Work?" and "Should Kissing be Abolished?" The inter-relation of these two problems has not yet been adequately recognised.]

GONE is the giant gooseberry's girth,  
And gone the brave sea-serpent's gambols;  
Themes that command a rarer mirth  
Pursue us on our summer rambles;  
To-day we drink new problems in  
With apprehensions nicely polished,  
And ask *Should Women toil and spin?*  
Or else, *Should Kissing be abolished?*

Myself, untaught in chemic terms,  
I shrink, from lack of education,  
To probe the peril, due to germs,  
That lies in casual osculation;  
With equal reason I refuse  
To treat of economic questions—  
But when it comes to *moral* views,  
I teem with luminous suggestions.

Go back in thought to Eden's bowers,  
And with Mosaic history grapple;—  
You'll find no talk of working-hours  
Till after Eve had plucked the apple;  
For so the tale, that tells us how  
Her form she first began to drape, runs;  
And surely kisses sealed her vow  
Before she took to stitching aprons.

O yes, we learned it long ago,  
(Prior, indeed, to Girton College),  
How half our sweets and bitters flow  
From tampering with the Tree of Knowledge;  
The need to work, the right to kiss—  
We've caught them from our common mother,  
That as the penalty for this,  
And one the medicine of the other.

Divorce the two, and take from toil  
Its only satisfying guerdon;  
Or filch from love its proper foil—  
And life, each way, becomes a burden.  
Excess in either art alone  
(Consult the Lunacy Commission)  
Greatly impairs the mental tone,  
And ultimately means perdition.

To illustrate the perfect type:—  
Her kiss should be as soft as vellum,  
While avid readers pluck the ripe  
Fruit of her busy cerebellum;  
O supple lips! O seething brain!  
Yet if, perforce—no laughing matter—  
I had to choose between the twain,  
I'd cheerfully resign the latter.

O. S.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron, *en vacance*, per rail, river and road (motor-car and bike not included in means of transit), loves to have with him just a few old friends and two or three new ones, in the shape of books, in whose society he can pass many pleasant hours. Not that he is taking a "reading tour," tutorially; no, he is always the student who only lives to learn, and who, day by day, learns to live; at least such is his desire. Thus it falls out, without hurt to anyone, and with profit to more than one person, that he hath

with him an amusing book, of what may be fairly described as 'The Eccentric Series,' by H. G. WELLS, entitled *The Sea Lady*; also *A Bayard from Bengal*, by F. ANSTEY, which, since it first appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages, has ever been a source of intellectual amusement both to the Baron and an appreciative public. This most entertaining story is now admirably illustrated by J. B. PARTRIDGE, whose artistic work intensifies the humour of the original idea, adding greatly to the reader's enjoyment. Not only does the story of *A Bayard from Bengal* come to us as fresh as ever, but the author has supplemented it with *The Parables of Piljosh*, by H. B. Jabberjee, B.A. Both these books bear the imprint of METHUEN, which, speaking from experience, the Baron considers may be generally taken as warranty for their literary excellence and readable form. When the undecided *voyageur* goes to a bookstall at any railway station, he, like "the anxious cit" distracted by invitations to various banquets,

"Ponders which to take and which refuse,"

and seeing some work whose title and author are alike new to him he looks for the name of the publisher and *that* decides him. Eight times out of ten he will not be disappointed in his selection, that is, if he be on the sure ground of knowing his own mind in the first instance, and of the publishing "house of call" where he may be pretty sure to find the precise entertainment that his heart desireth. The Baron, having thus delivered himself of these words of wisdom, contents himself with recommending, as *à propos*, the two books already mentioned. Of *The Sea Lady* the Baron may say that it is quite up to the mark of *The Time Machine* and *The Wonderful Visit* by the same author, and he may add that it is not a work which "a Skipper" will care about, as the gems of Mr. WELLS's humour are, in this instance, to be found mainly in the descriptive parts of the story. On another occasion the Baron hopes, by carefully developing his holiday list, to add thereto the names of not a few "readables" whereby he may earn the gratitude of his fellow-travellers, globe-trotters, and holiday-makers by sea and land, to whom one and all he wishes a good time, with a continuance of it, and is theirs sincerely, the careful, cautious and pleasurably responsible BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## Impropriety on the French Stage.

*Old English Lady* (not much of a scholar, reading aloud from programme of French play). "*La princesse Némée fut sauvée des flots par le pêcheur Zéphoris, qui modestement se déroba après son acte de courage.*" This is no place for us, my dear. He's going to undress on the stage!

[Rises indignantly, and exits.]

BIRDS OF PARADISE.—The P. M. G. informs us that the SHAH's first menu in Paris included "*Anges farcis à la Parisienne.*" It does not say how much nectar was consumed with this heavenly dish, but knowing the temperate character of the Persian monarch, we are sure that it was not enough to justify the French proverb, "*Le soir, tous les chats sont gris.*"

THE gallantry of Police-Sergeant STEPHENS, who dived from the parapet of Vauxhall Bridge to save a boy, has been suitably rewarded. In more tropical climates it is the boys who dive for the coppers.

In England, says a French writer, motoring is not considered a sport because it does not involve killing anything. This is but one more example of Continental aspersion.



A "STRENUOUS" PERFORMANCE.

*Professor Roosevelt (in his great Trust Act).* "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN ORDER TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITY OF CONTROLLING THESE POWERFUL CREATURES, NOT ALL OF THEM EQUALLY TRACTABLE, I WILL NOW DESCEND INTO THEIR MIDST."

*[Proceeds to get out of his depth.]*





## TITLED DEMOCRACY.

[From the report issued by the Board of Education on "Education in the United States," it appears that in the last Academic year no fewer than 10,794 men and 4,293 women were admitted as graduates of the different Universities.]

When every JANE's an LL.D.,  
When every KATE's a proctor,  
When every MAY's a B.Sc.,  
And every ANNE's a doctor,  
When each M.A. can rattle free  
Her *ôde, ôde, rôte*—  
When everybody's somebody,  
Then who is anybody?

When titles grow in every spot,  
And when you're safe to wager  
That every DICK and TOM who's not  
A colonel is a major;  
When plain "esquire" is rare to see,  
And "general" sounds like shoddy—  
When everybody's somebody,  
Then who is anybody?

O thrice and four times wise who sees  
His brother or his sister  
Still clutch at titles vain, while he's  
Content with simple "Mr."  
This way distinction lies: if he  
Will tread the path untrod, he  
Will certainly be somebody,  
Not being anybody.

## RAILWAY REFORM.

TO MR. PUNCH.—SIR: The wisdom of a recent illustrious visitor to our shores in restricting the speed of the trains in which he travelled has emboldened me to suggest a few regulations, which, if enforced, would render a railway journey much less trying than it is at present to those who, like myself, do not care to take unnecessary risks.

1. Every signal should be kept at danger until a train is within five yards of the post. Upon the arm falling, the train should immediately stop, in order that the driver may ascertain whether the signal was lowered by design or fell by accident.

2. The driver should not leave his engine for the purpose of making enquiries of the signalman, in accordance with Regulation 1, without first detaching the engine from the train, so that in case of the inability of the stoker to restrain the former in the driver's absence, the passengers will not be endangered.

3. In every case where the verification of a signal to proceed (as required by Regulations 1 and 2) occupies more than one minute, the engine should be shunted and placed at a safe distance in the rear of the train as a protection against the impact of any following train.

4. When a train is running on the level, all brakes should be put hard on once a mile, in order to ascertain that



## LA VIE DE BOHÈME.

*First Bohemian (to second ditto).* "I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHY YOU WASTED ALL THAT TIME HAGGLING WITH THAT TAILOR CHAP, AND BEATING HIM DOWN, WHEN YOU KNOW, OLD CHAP, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY HIM AT ALL."

*Second Bohemian.* "AH, THAT'S IT! I HAVE A CONSCIENCE. I WANT THE POOR CHAP TO LOSE AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE!"

the same are in working order. In running up-hill, they should be applied still more frequently, so that the passengers may be assured that if the engine breaks down the train will not run backwards.

5. All down gradients of greater steepness than 1 in 10,000 should be marked dangerous, and the passengers should be given the option of walking to the bottom. The driver should have strict orders to keep in sight any who prudently avail themselves of the oppor-

tunity, and thus the safety of those who have the hardihood to remain in the train will be to some extent guaranteed.

It has also occurred to me that a lever in each compartment enabling any passenger to shut off steam would be a great comfort, but as this would involve considerable alteration of rolling stock, I should be content for the present with the adoption of the foregoing, which could all easily be put into operation with existing plant. I am, Sir,

AN OCCASIONAL TOURIST.

## MY GLASSES.

(By a Holiday Tourist.)

DELIGHTFUL to possess a first-rate pair of glasses—"binocles," I mean; at least I believe that "binocles" or "binocle" is the popular and scientific definition of the article in question, which is neither an opera-glass nor a telescope, but a compound of the two, the "lenses" (I think "lenses" is correct, unless I am under some "optical delusion" on the subject) being as powerful as those of a lengthy and cumbersome telescope, while its form is that of a light portable opera-glass such as may be easily carried in a case attached to a strap over the shoulder (this sounds painful, at least it did years ago when I was a boy, and it *was* painful too), and when slung round you gives the bearer of them—no matter who he is—the business-like look, discounted by the rather rakish air, of a turfite belonging to the "Bookie" division.

Of such glasses in a case I am the proud and happy possessor. A present—you may be quite sure of *that*—as personally, being, like JOHN GILPIN, of a frugal mind, I should never have indulged myself in such a luxury. Therefore for them, as "glasses," I have nothing but praise, as of course one is bound to deal with a gift glass as with a "gift horse," and "not look a gift binocle in the lens." There are spots on the sun, so I am told, but I've never seen them, and don't want to. There is a spot on one of these glasses, but I look over it, under it, and, putting it aside, ignore it.

Since I have had these glasses the world has assumed for me a different aspect—several different aspects—and now I have come to wonder how it could possibly happen that I should have been, during so many years, travelling about to so many places—quite a ULYSSES in a small way (including PENELOPE, minus the suitors)—without these glasses, which are now absolutely indispensable to my perfect equipment, not only when *en voyage* but when promenading on cliffs, highways and by-the-sea-ways of the Kent coast, where the coal ought to be. I have a vague recollection of an early nursery story entitled *Eyes and No Eyes*, wherein was shown how *Master No Eyes* went about seeing nothing (which would have been quite pardonable if he had not possessed the proper visual organs; but he did not keep them open, that was the author's clever point), while *Master Eyes*, going over the same ground, in the company of the aforesaid *Master No Eyes*, not only saw everything that was to be seen, but was perpetually plying his tutor or father (I forget which) with such a number of puzzling questions as only the learned editor of *Notes and Queries*, assisted by his brilliant staff, could possibly have answered on the spot truthfully and satisfactorily. "The moral o' this 'ere lies in the application of it."

Before this binocle came into my possession, it was not often that I paused in my progress to examine the country round about; and, as to the sea, rarely had I done more than cursorily glance at passing ships. I saw a ship, and simply said to myself, "Let that pass." And it did. But now I am constantly sweeping the horizon: in fact, so frequently and so carefully do I perform this operation, that I wonder there is even a speck left on the horizon to be seen.

Averaging every possible occasion, I reckon that I take my binocle out of its case once in every three minutes; but I will reconsider this sum in mental arithmetic later on, not being quite sure of my calculation.

The mechanism of my binocle may be described as "wheels within wheels" and screws within screws: mysterious in operation and in effect, but of course constructed on the latest scientific principles, which are to me (and by me to anybody else who desires the information) quite inexplicable. There is a wheel that goes one

way up to a certain point and no farther; there is another and a lesser wheel that works in an opposite direction. There are some screws whose use I have never as yet been able to ascertain; just as surgeons and doctors have gone on for years and years without being a bit the wiser as to the uses for which certain details of the human body were originally intended; and then there are two "peep-show holes," as I may fairly term them, at the looking-in end which are of the form of that peculiar miniature cup (a thing like an ordinary liqueur-glass in mourning) that a watch-maker sticks into one eye, shutting the other, when bent on critically examining something that has gone wrong with some minute portion of the works of a watch. These two ends, through which you look, move up and down, at least I think they do; but having once rashly attempted to unscrew one of them, and having unfortunately succeeded, I was only too glad to replace it in its position as soon, and as firmly, as, with trembling hands and beating heart, I possibly could. After that I left it, imperfectly replaced, I fear, as the left "peeper" is not quite even with the right; but when a friend remarked upon this to me I thought it as well to assume a superior scientific air while informing him that "this is the way they are made." My friend happening to be rather an expert in these matters, of which fact I was unaware, did not express himself as entirely satisfied with my explanation.

I have said above that I take my glasses out of the case every three minutes. This, I find, must be an incorrect computation.

To begin with, I can never, emphatically never, hit off at the first, nor even at the sixth attempt the precise method of replacing them (after use) so that the wrong ends shall not be in the right place and *vice versa*; as if they don't fit in just exactly the lid won't close, the case bulges, and the glasses will tumble out, or, at all events, can be taken out by any dishonest person, without my being in the slightest degree aware of the theft. So I may put it that to take glasses out of the case occupies about thirty seconds: *sed revocare gradus*, I mean to replace them properly, may occupy me, in a most exasperating manner too, from one minute and a half to five.

After taking them out, in order to see, let us say, some distant object of remarkable appearance, which may be either the latest specimen of the Destroyer type, or that "*monstrum horrendum*," the Sea-serpent (which is due near this coast about the beginning of September) I have, first of all, to adjust the sight. To commence with, everything is a blur; if I may, without irreverence, apply the scriptural description of what our planet was before it became as it is now, I should say every thing, sea and land, as first seen through my glasses, is "without form and void." Gradually, after hazarding a few turns at the wheels or the screws, I observe all sorts of shapes coming into sight: then I become aware of a curious division of black rims framing, as it were, indistinct pictures; then, after another revolution of the mechanism, these segments of circles cut one another, and I feel that my eyes are straining, and my hands shaking, and the sea goes up to the sky and the land disappears entirely; finally, I am about to give it up altogether as a bad job, when I bethink me of another wheel, as yet untried, that turns in an opposite direction to any I have as yet attempted. Eureka! this wheel does the trick—at least, up to a certain extent. Objects became clearer and nearer; another turn and the black frame has vanished, and now I begin to distinguish the distant cliffs from the pier, and I see distinctly the railings—Eh? Are there iron railings guarding the coast of France? No—the railings are right in front of me! I have taken a step back, and I am looking at things within six feet of my coign of vantage. Irritating.



*Imperturbable Boatman. "HAUD UP YER ROD, MAN! YE HAVE 'M! YE HAVE 'M!"*

Patience, and more turns at both wheels; then at last—ah!—as clearly as possible I do see the distant coast of France, which is of course very satisfactory to anyone who didn't know or didn't believe it was there. But what I wanted, when I began, was to see whether the object, which, at that particular moment, was almost on the horizon, was a torpedo-destroyer or a sea-serpent; and now, though at last I've got the right sight and can see things ten or more miles off as clearly as if they were arranged, like a box of child's toys in front of me—for the life of me I can't see what I had originally wished to look at. It has vanished. If a whale or sea-serpent it has taken advantage of my delay in arranging the glasses, and perhaps thinking I was an impertinent amateur photographer taking snap shots has dived down again to its submarine home.

So, on consideration, and at a moderately fair computation, it takes me quite twenty minutes to arrange the glasses for use. If the object has remained stationary, good; if not, 'tis lost to sight though to memory dear. So, taking one thing with another, from the extraction of glasses from case to their return after using them [and seeing something, though not according to the original intention], the performance occupies me just upon thirty minutes.

And now, *Mem. to those whom Providence has blessed with the gift of glasses or with the means of purchasing the same.* When once you've suited your sight and adapted the

glasses to your own "private view," *don't lend them*; no, not to your nearest and dearest relative, and *certainly not to your neighbour*. Do to your neighbour as you would advise your neighbour to do to you, supposing the glasses in his possession and you requested the loan of them; and *refuse him politely but firmly*. If he owns glasses himself he will understand and appreciate. If he is not a binocle-proprietor, and if he be only a vapid, do-nothing, irresponsible gazer, then if you lend such an one your glasses, he will at once say, "Ah, this doesn't suit my sight," and will, without another word, proceed to alter it, and adjust it to his own peculiarities of vision. After seeing nothing, he will return them to you with the remark, "Yes, they're not bad, but you ought to get your glasses at OBENZWELLER'S" (or somebody's abroad, generally "made in Germany"). "Ah!—they *are* glasses." And you will find that this last state of your binocle, after leaving his hands, is worse than the first, as you will occupy quite another half-hour in readjusting them to the use of the person for whom they were intended, namely, yourself.

These notes I make after two or three short voyages of experience on board the gallant "*William Edward*," of the S.E. & C. D. fleet, along the Kentish coast, one of the best trial trips for uncertain sailors (it might be so advertised) I have ever come across. Three hours to Folkestone, land for lunch (take my advice and go straight to the *table d'hôte*



at the Imperial Hotel, which is "near" but not "dear"), two hours there, and then three hours more back; or, for those who find they are not "born sailors," back they can go to Ramsgate without any extra charge at all "on the same ticket" per rail. Courteous Captain, civil crew. And it was under these happy conditions that I tried my new glasses (for which I bless the donor), and 'twas here that I determined to benefit all glass-possessors by my experience.

### THE GOLF WIDOWS.

(After E. B. Browning.)

Do you hear the widows weeping, O my brothers,  
Wedded but a few brief years?  
They are writing home complaining to their mothers,  
And their ink's suffused with tears.  
The young lads are playing in the meadows,  
The young babes are sleeping in the nest;  
The young men are flirting in the shadows,  
The young maids are helping them, with zest.  
But the young golf widows, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly,  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
While you're swiping from the tee.

Do you ask your grazing widows in their sorrow  
Why their tears are falling so?  
"Oh—yesterday—to-day again—to-morrow—  
To the links you ALWAYS go!"

Your golf 'shop,' they say, "is very dreary,  
You speak of nothing else from week to week;  
A really patient wife will grow a-weary  
Of talk about a concentrated cleek."

Yes, the young golf-widows, O my brothers,  
Do you ask them why they weep?  
They are longing to be back beside their mothers,  
While you're playing in a sweep.

And well may the widows weep before you  
When your nightly round is done;  
They care nothing for a stymie, or the glory  
Gained by holing out in one.  
"How long," they say, "how long in careless fashion,  
Will you stand, to drive the Dyke, upon our hearts,  
Trample down with nailèd heel our early passion,  
Turning homeward only when the light departs?  
You can hear our lamentations many a mile hence,  
Can you hearken without shame,  
When our mourning curseth deeper in the silence  
Than a strong man off his game"?

### OPERATIC NOTES.

Mr. Punch feels that he must applaud the enterprise of the Moody-Manners Opera Company in providing entertainment in the vernacular at reasonable prices during the dull days. Their season was pleasantly inaugurated on Monday the 25th, when *Carmen*—best of popular operas—was played before an enthusiastic house, in which the suburban and provincial elements predominated. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN's heroine of the strutting gait and swinging hips—perhaps a shade too accentuated in her motions—had lost little of the old charm and nothing of the old audacity. Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, once freed from the paralysing influence of his dragoon uniform, showed intelligence and a very effective energy in the part of José. The *Escamillo* of Mr. GEORGE FOX did not justify his profession of bull-fighter by any adequately taurine quality of voice, though, like most *Escamillos*, he was picturesque. The Captain of Dragoons

would have worn a more martial air if he had not held his sword-sheath like a silver pencil in his right hand—here the wrong one. Miss HICKISCH sang the part of *Michaela* gracefully, though her sense of dramatic sympathy is still immature. The chorus showed signs of good drilling, and were more often in time with the orchestra than might have been expected on what was, as rumour goes, a positively first acquaintance with that body. The phrases that one caught now and then from the English libretto served to increase one's respect for the common practice of performing opera in a foreign tongue.

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of a statement from a Press Agent in which Mr. BROZEL is said to have "made a most successful reappearance at Covent Garden last Monday," and Miss HICKISCH to have "made a most successful first appearance at Covent Garden." As the envelope containing these opinions bears a post-mark giving the hour of despatch as 4.15 P.M. on August 25, and was, therefore, sent off at least 3½ hours before the commencement of the performance in question, Mr. Punch takes this opportunity of congratulating the Press Agent on his almost oracular insight into the paulo-post-future.

The performance of *Maritana* on Thursday, when Miss FANNY MOODY, Mr. MANNERS, and Mr. COATES gave excellent renderings of various desultory solos, quite missed distinction, though the audience was too happy to note this defect. Their reception of this good old medley recalled vividly a famous passage in one of Mr. QUILLER-ROUCH's parodies, in which he speaks of

"The crowd that cheers but not discriminates."

### AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

"Satisfaction has been given by the Porte in the matter of another item of the American claims. A rifle, which had been confiscated by the authorities, has been restored to its owner."—*Daily Paper*.]

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I have to tell  
The tidings of a triumph for our nation,  
A diplomatic feat that must compel  
Our envious rivals' grudging admiration.  
It gratifies me that you should receive  
From me the first congratulations tendered  
On what I dared not hope we should achieve.  
Prepare your ears:—The rifle is surrendered!

No Turk shall wield it in a godless fight  
To make the Sultan's slavish Empire bigger;  
Emancipated eyes shall seek the sight,  
And free forefingers tighten on the trigger.  
The weapon that was forged on Freedom's soil  
Shall ne'er uphold a Tyrant in his station;  
The clutch of ABDUL slackens on his spoil;  
The Yildiz Kiosk rocks to its foundation.

The Porte, indeed (I know their Eastern ways),  
May possibly regard it as a trifle;  
I have a notion that they think it pays  
To yield on such a matter as a rifle,  
If so to graver matters they may bring  
The credit of an excellent intention;—  
That is, of course, an aspect of the thing  
It is not necessary we should mention.  
Think how, when this announcement circulates,  
The foes of freedom will be cowed and frightened!  
The dignity of our United States  
Will be, if possible, increased and heightened.  
Let not our counsels be, as others' are,  
Secretive, pusillanimous, and murky,  
So advertise the statement, near and far,  
That we have got that rifle out of Turkey.



## NATIONAL TREASURES.

["Hero-worship is not extinct. Mr. TRUMPER is reported to have received an offer of £10 for one of his disused bats."—*Daily Paper*.]

I SLEPT awhile, and as I dreamed  
A huge Museum met my eye,  
Vaster than that so much esteemed  
By residents in Bloomsbury.

As I approached the door, a voice  
From some dim alcove thundered  
down:

"If you would worthily rejoice,  
Enter! The fee is half-a-crown."

I paid the trifle specified,  
And, noting my bewildered glance,  
A singularly courteous guide  
Took pity on my ignorance.

"Here you will witness," he began,  
"None of the customary shows;  
The choicest treasures known to man  
Within this worthy shrine repose.

"For instance, in that gilded case  
Which I perceive you gazing at"—  
"Yes," I remarked, "a common-place  
And ordinary cricket-bat!"

"Not so!" in solemn tones he said,  
"Nay, there you have the actual blade  
With which J. SMITH" (he bared his  
head)

"In thirteen county matches played.

"That piece of chalk, which you discern,  
Looks unremarkable, 'tis true,  
And yet, irreverent stranger, learn  
That it has touched a DAWSON'S cue!

"This clod of grass is quite unique,  
I dare not estimate its worth,  
The champion golfer's driving cleek  
Removed it from its native earth!

"That football-boot"—with even more  
Of deep humility he spoke,—

"Once graced . . ." Unhappily, before  
He spoke another word—I woke!

## CHARIVARIA.

THE extraordinary rise in Rates in many districts of London is beginning to arouse indignation, and an Irate-payers' Association is to be formed.

The Americans have snapped up some more valuable contracts in South Africa, but England has won the American National Lawn Tennis Doubles Championship.

One of our Great Halfpenny Papers last week published an article pointing out that a portion of St. Paul's Cathedral was in danger of collapsing. Thank heaven! we were reassured the next day, the rival Great Halfpenny



## CAUSE AND EFFECT; OR, THE POWER OF POETRY.

*Austen Dante Smith (soliloquising).* "AH, HOW SWEET THE SCENT OF THE SEA! TO LIE AND BREATHE THE FRAGRANCE OF THE MIGHTY DEEP!"

declaring the report to be a sensational one, and the scare ridiculous.

It is fast approaching a scandal that so little care is taken in the conveyance of State missives. During the KING's recent cruise important documents, which had to be carried to and from Scilly, Falmouth, and Penzance, were entrusted to Torpedo-Boat Destroyers.

A man who was charged with being drunk and disorderly last week, and was asked by the Magistrate whether he had any evidence as to character, promptly produced a daily paper containing an interview with RAS MAKONEN, in which the RAS, on being asked what he thought of the English people, answered, "The people, from the highest to the lowest, all are good."

King LEWANIKI, I hear, is much

annoyed at a misprint which stated that he "and his suit" had returned to Africa.

It is always difficult for a newspaper to vouch for the accuracy of its news, and I admire the frankness of one which publishes a column every day headed "To-day's Story."

Turkey is endeavouring to borrow £45,000 in order to pay a month's salary to State officials on the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Sultan's accession, His MAJESTY having expressed a wish that something extraordinary should be done on that occasion.

Last week there was no sensational murder in Paris, and it has been intimated to the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* that his reason for existence is becoming dubious.



DAVID WILSON

"WHAT EVER IS THAT YOU HAVE DRAWN, MASTER JIMMY?"

"DAT'S A DRAGON AND A PRETTY LADY."

"BUT I DON'T SEE ANY LADY "

"COS THE DRAGON HAS EATED THE PRETTY LADY UP!"

## NATURE NOTES.

I HAVE observed, *Mr. Punch*, that almost all the daily papers have taken lately to publishing a column about birds, beasts, and flowers, which figures pleasantly, not to say unexpectedly, among political speeches and Stock Exchange reports. Why should not you add this delightful feature to your pages? I am quite willing (for a consideration) to supply it; and the fact that I know nothing of botany or natural history is, to judge from your contemporaries, not the slightest drawback. The one requisite for the writing of such a column seems to be the possession of a poetic and flowery style. The specimen notes which I append will convince you that I am fully equipped in this respect.

Harvest time! How rich in sweet associations is that dear old phrase! And it is with us once more; even as I write the swish of the scythe among the wheat falls pleasantly upon my ear. And to-morrow, they tell me, if the weather be fair, the wild oats—apt symbol these of the days that are no more!—will be garnered, pressed, and heaped within the oast-house ere the

winter storms begin. And then the farmer with his sturdy toilers will gather in the gabled farm and keep their harvest-home, with draughts of foaming cider to gladden their hearts;—right honest cider this, none of your foreign stuff, but distilled from gooseberries raised on the farm.

How often the trained eye of the bird-lover catches sight of rare songsters which are quite unfamiliar to the average man and woman! Thus no later than yesterday I saw in a walnut-copse a pair of blue-tailed bobsfinches. Now the blue-tailed bobsfinch is quite uncommon in this country, so the reader may imagine the care with which I watched these creatures. Their habits are most remarkable. Taking a short run, they move their wings rapidly, and by this means rise high in the air. On the same morning I saw, quite close to the farm, an almost rarer bird, the golden dabchick (*dabchickia aureata*). This, I found subsequently, had been kept in confinement for some time by the farmer's wife, and had just escaped. The rustic folk hereabouts speak of it as "Missuses caneery," a quaint local term, for the derivation of which I cannot account.

This is a busy time of year for the entomologist, and I hasten to assist the beginner in this fascinating science by some useful hints. Many waste money on quite unnecessary nets and other paraphernalia. The only requisites for forming a good collection are a loaf of bread, a pot of jam (strawberry is said to give the best results), and a bicycle. The *modus operandi* is as follows. You invite some friends to tea in a wood and present each of them with a slice of bread and jam. Then you leave them and go for a short ride on the bicycle. In a few minutes you will have a choice collection of small flies in your eyes, which you can remove at leisure. On your return you will find a swarm of wasps, bluebottles, and other of the larger insects around the heads of your friends and in the jam-pot.

And now I must pause. The imperious hush of night, and the fact that I have done my 500 words, alike bid me lay aside my pen. The honey-laden bee has retired to his nest, the sweet cooing of the swallows is heard, and a faint fragrance from the cabbage-bed haunts the twilight air. 'Tis night. And in twelve hours it will be morning. Ah, wondrous mystery of Nature!



## THE UNINVITED GRACES.

[The new British Academy, which has lately received a Royal Charter, is restricted to the representatives of Scientific Literature, and takes no cognizance of Poetry, Drama, and Romance.]





## LA PERFIDE ALBION ET LES PYRAMIDES.

[The *Matin* last week expressed great solicitude for the Pyramids and the Sphinx, disappearing under English vandalism.]

SCENE—*Gisch. Moonlight. Discovered, the Sphinx, in an attitude of repose. To her enter hastily a Reporter of the "Matin."*

*Reporter (excitedly, aside).* Enfin! La voilà! Parbleu, elle existe encore! (*Aloud*) Madame, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Permettez que je me présente. ALPHONSE DURAND, rédacteur du *Matin*. Je dépose ma carte, et en même temps mes hommages respectueux, à vos pieds. Je vous baise la main—ah pardon!—c'est à dire, la patte.

*Sphinx.* Ank, ouza, senb!

*Reporter.* Pardon, madame, si par hasard vous parlez égyptien, je dois vous avouer que je ne le comprends pas. Je le regrette infiniment.

*Sphinx.* Very well, then, I must ask you to speak English. I only said "How d'ye do," in old Egyptian, but I've learnt so many languages since then that I'm really getting quite rusty and losing the best pronunciation. There's nobody talks it now, worse luck!

*Reporter (aside).* Ah, ciel! Elle parle anglais. (*Aloud*) Madame, vous avez vu NAPOLEON à vos pieds, et vous parlez la langue des infâmes usurpateurs, qui désirent la domination universelle?

*Sphinx.* Oh, all right, if you insist upon it, here goes. Bong jooah, mounsiyah, commong voo pawtay voo?

*Reporter (with his hands over his ears).* De grâce, madame! Je vous en prie! I spik a little ze English. I go to essay. Say me, Missis, why disappear you?

*Sphinx.* I'm not disappearing. I'm as fit as possible. Never better in my life. You don't hear me grumble. I never want a change of air. No week-ends, or that sort of thing, for me. Ripping climate here.

*Reporter.* Vraiment? And ze Pyramids? Zey disappear?

*Sphinx.* Not they! Look at 'em. There they are. All serene. Nothing the matter with them. Of course we're none of us as young as we were, but then, who is? I used to be rather fond of riddles, when I was younger. I've learnt some ripping new ones since my English friends came here. When is a door not a door?

*Reporter.* Adore! Ah, madame, les Français adorent les antiqui—, ah non! les jeunes—, jo veux dire, les jolies femmes, toujours des énigmes. But I go to spik English. You are not appy ere?



G. L. STAMP.

*He.* "REALLY, IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TALK SUCH—ER—SUCH UTTER NONSENSE!"  
*She.* "IF YOU WERE ME? NO, OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T!"

*Sphinx.* For goodness' sake don't drop your H's. Awfully bad form. I'm all right, since I got to speak English properly. Awful grind, though. But the people who come to Cairo are quite the smart lot, so I really picked up the best English, quite swagger English, from them, don't you know.

*Reporter.* I comprehend at pain. But in fine, Missis, I demand if the brutal English you leave to perish.

*Sphinx.* Well, if any of us perish it's not their fault, for they've got a Frenchman, called Mossos MASFERO, to look after us more or less, with the mummies and all the lot. A Frenchman, think of that! There's a jolly good stumper for

you. So be off, you duffer, or I'll ask you another riddle. Where was MOSES—I remember him when he lived near here some time ago—when the candle went out? Can't you guess? Where you are generally. What? Give it up?

[*Exit Reporter, hastily.*]

## Juvenile Geography.

*Governess.* The Earth moves round the Sun . . . it takes a whole year to complete the round . . . and this accounts for the four seasons. What are the four seasons of the year, PHYLLIS?

*Phyllis (aged 5).* This year, next year, sometime, never.

## ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

III.

CHARLES BURGESS FRY, 30, journalist, was charged by the Institute of Journalists with neglecting his profession by playing cricket.

Sir WEMYSS REID, called for the prosecution, stated that the prisoner's success with the pen was very striking. He wrote everything except leaders, but was expected to begin those directly in view of recent dux. He had been grieved to see the prisoner's name in the cricket reports.

Mr. BENNET BURLEIGH, special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, said that he had written articles under trying enough circumstances, but he had never succeeded, as the prisoner did, in playing cricket and writing at the same moment. The witness did not consider that an article written while running a cut for three could be as good as one written in the security of one's study.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, who said that he was the Editor of the *Daily Express*, gave evidence proving the prisoner's ability with the pen. He added, however, that it was necessary that he played cricket too.

Sir GEORGE NEWNES corroborated.

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI, who on entering the witness-box gave the prisoner a leg glance of recognition, said that the prisoner was not to blame. Authors must play sometimes; he himself did, although he had written the *Jubilee Book of Cricket* and edited a boys' paper. It was not true that he was known as the Indian Inker.

Other authors, including Mr. P. F. WARNER, Mr. D. L. A. JEPHSON, and Mr. F. A. IREDALE (by special wire), corroborated.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the present talk about exercise was absurd. No one needed exercise. He never took exercise himself, beyond cleaning his eye-glass. He had never previously heard of Mr. FRY, nor did he understand the game of cricket; but he would undertake to get a bigger price per 1,000 words for an article on the game, without exercise, than Mr. FRY could, with all his capering about on what he had been led to believe was called the pitch. What he had said he had said.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE gave evidence in support. He said that he had written many hundreds of thousands of words on no exercise at all. All that he needed was

a little BACON. If Mr. FRY was so fanciful that he could not write without playing cricket, he would never get into the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The Bench sentenced the prisoner to several long innings unaccompanied by his note-book.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES, amateur champion at Racquets and Tennis, who recently appeared as a witness in the trial of Mr. H. L. DOHERTY, was charged with fasting for three days without any provocation.

Mr. DANCKWERTZ, K.C., who prosecuted on behalf of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, contended that the

punishment could be too severe for a man who advocated abstention from a carnivorous diet.

PETER LATHAM, the professional Racquets and Tennis champion, said that if Mr. MILES only could put more beef into his stroke there would be no holding him.

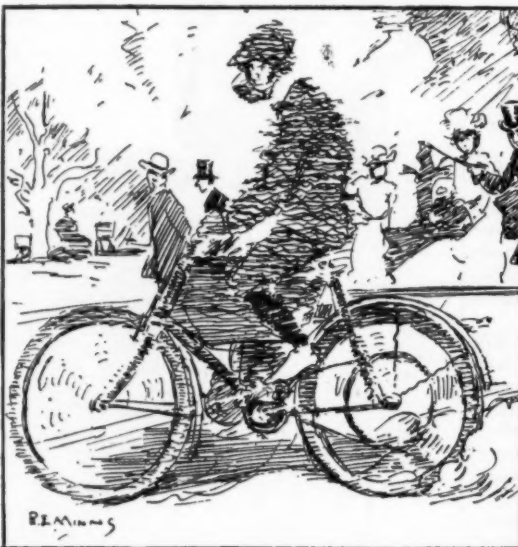
Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, who appeared for the defence, asserted that his client had been grossly misrepresented. Mr. MILES expressly stated that he "ate a lot too much" after his fast, and that he "did not think he would ever do a complete fast again." He was merely anxious to test his ability of endurance, and here Mr. SHAW read the following touching passage from Mr. MILES's own account of the results of his experiment:—

"I feel additional confidence in my power of self-control, though I grant that my sister was kind enough to take out of my room the fruits and other foods that generally stand there, particularly some clear-veined thin-skinned gooseberries. I did not expose myself to the full temptation."

This conclusively proved that, as a rule, Mr. MILES did not despise food. As for the gooseberries, he believed that they were positively gigantic.

After a consultation the Bench decided that a man who would eat gooseberries at the end of August was capable of anything, and sentenced Mr. MILES to join the Beefsteak Club without a moment's delay.

As the Court was rising a well-dressed lady of middle-age, who seemed to be in acute distress, applied to the Bench for advice in the following painful circumstances. According to her statement, her husband, a retired officer of moderate means, aged 53 and a grandfather, had been so much impressed by the success of Mr. CHARLES HUTCHINGS that he was now devoting his entire energies to emulating the achievements of his contemporary. This, in itself, was an innocent ambition enough, but the methods adopted were most undesirable. Thus he had purchased at immense cost a wry-necked platinum putter, and had invented a golfing boot with aluminium toe-caps and a rubber-cored heel which he declared had added thirty yards to his drive. In spite of all this equipment and outlay, his handicap was still 24, and she was informed by his friends that at his present rate of progress he was not



HOW JONES FELT ON A SECOND-HAND MOTOR BICYCLE OF THE VIBRATING KIND WHICH HE HAD BOUGHT FOR A "MERE SONG."

doctrines enunciated by Mr. MILES in the record of his experiment published in the *Daily Mail* of the 28th ult. were of a most pernicious and unpatriotic character. Mr. MILES was an accomplished athlete, and his example could not fail to exert a most dangerous influence on those who sought to rival his record. England's empire was built up on the consumption of prime ox-beef—here Mr. DANCKWERTZ quoted CALVERLEY with thrilling effect—and not on tabloids, lozenges or biscuits. The feeling in Leadenhall Market against Mr. MILES was very strong; indeed he would not like to answer for the consequences if the prisoner were not restrained from further experiments of this deplorable character.

Mr. HANBURY, the President of the Board of Agriculture, gave evidence for the prosecution. He considered that no





C.E. Brock  
1902

*Cheerful Beginner (who has just smashed the Colonel's favourite driver). "OH, NOW I SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO CARRY SO MANY CLUBS!"*

likely to get down to scratch before he was a septuagenarian. Although a most humane and chivalrous man naturally, she had learnt that he recently took eighteen strokes, mostly with the niblick, at the "Maiden" at Sandwich, while his bill for baffies alone in the last year had amounted to £48.

After a brief consultation with his colleagues, Mr. THOMAS MORRIS, the senior magistrate on the Bench, expressed his regret that they could not deal summarily with such cases. He understood, however, that the St. Andrews' Committee had passed a rule forbidding great-grandfathers to compete for the championship, and meantime he was glad to be able to announce that his colleague, Mr. ANDREW LANG, had kindly undertaken to remonstrate with the offender in a *Chant Royal et Ancien*.

#### AN AFFAIR OF STATE.

[Mr. Punch has pleasure in publishing some correspondence, &c., dealing with the subject discussed in "The Peers and the Peri" in his last issue. He hopes to investigate its authenticity later on.]

I.

H.M. Treasury.

MY LORD,—I am directed by the Lords of the Treasury to inform you that in consequence of the cost of the late War, Their Lordships have determined to pursue a policy of economy and retrenchment.

In this connection They have had under consideration the emoluments and perquisites of the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords. It appears that the salary of the position is thirty shillings a week, and that apartments, furniture, coals and gas are provided, but so far as Their Lordships are aware beer-money is not allowed.

In the circumstances it seems desirable that the Public Funds should be relieved of the expense of furnishing the Principal Housemaid's apartments; and I am accordingly to instruct you that Their Lordships will be unable to consent to any further expenditure under this head. I have, &c.,

Viscount ESH-R, FR-NC-S M-W-TT.  
H.M. Office of Works.

II.

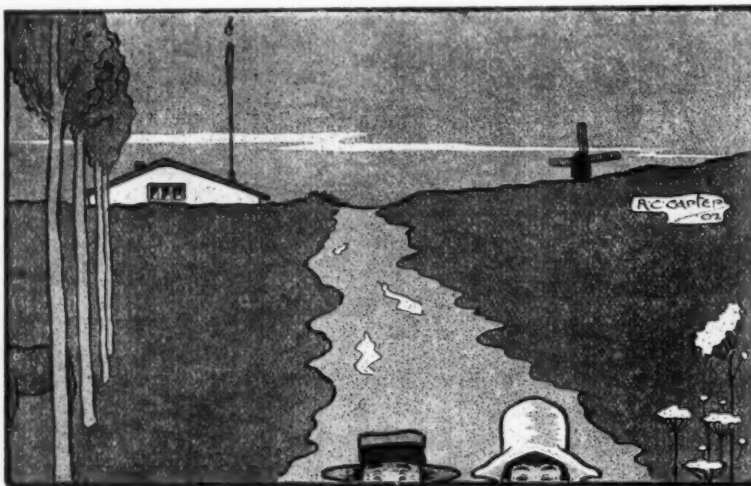
H.M. Office of Works.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I have noted the instruction of

the Lords of the Treasury that the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords shall not, in future, be provided with furniture.

In the interests of the overburdened taxpayer I have ventured to make Their Lordships' decision retrospective, and have visited the Principal Housemaid's apartments, and taken away the furniture therein. I found it absolutely necessary to hire a pantechnicon (the cost of which I suggest should be deducted from the Principal Housemaid's salary); but, by taking three of my Senior Clerks with me, I managed to avoid the expense of employing any outside labour.

The removal was carried out without difficulty, after three policemen had



"MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—A DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

done the same with the Principal Housemaid.

I shall be glad to have Their Lordships' sanction to the expenditure of £16 16s., being twelve guineas for two frock-coats ruined during operations, and four guineas for four silk hats which unfortunately rolled off our heads into the mud whilst we were placing the piano in the van. I have, &c.,

Sir FR-NC-S M-W-TT, K.C.B. ESH-R.  
H.M. Treasury.

III.

House of Lords.

YOUR LORDSHIP,—Four men have been and took away my things which is an awful shame and I shall be very grateful if your lordship sir can do something for me as I haven't got no bed to lay my head on and nothing to scrub your Chamber with and shall have to go round to Sleep at my sister Sues.

Your Lordships Obedient Servant,  
THE PRINCIPAL HOUSEMAID.

IV.

Extract from the Minutes of the Select Committee on the House of Lords Offices.

"... The LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN said he had received a most pathetic letter from their Principal Housemaid, complaining that the Office of Works had forcibly removed her furniture. He was sure Their Lordships would agree with him that this was not fair to the Housemaid. He would remind them of a saying they had no doubt heard in their youth: 'Give a thing; take a thing; black man's plaything.' He did not quite know what it meant, but he fancied it expressed adequately their disgust of such unchivalrous conduct. He hoped Their Lordships would consent to a

'whip round' to provide their Housemaid with a pail and scrubbing-brush, and a broom, as everything had been taken from her, and she was unable to keep their Chamber clean.

"The LORD CHANCELLOR interposed, and said he thought an action might lie against the Office of Works. He had a sort of a kind of an impression that it was illegal to distrain on a workman's tools; and he thought it might be contended that a housemaid was a workman, and a

pail and a scrubbing-brush were her tools, and that this was a sort of a kind of a distraint. He apologised for saying 'sort of a kind of a twice.'

Mr. Punch hopes to be in a position to publish a further instalment of this Correspondence in 1905, and news of the re-furnishing of the poor housemaid's rooms some time in the following year.

#### A Complication.

Caller (at house of injured motorist). How is your master after the accident?

Housemaid (with some embarrassment). Wich they think he 'as broken the—(blushes)—the kilometre record, but 'e's better to-day.

SPLendid SPORT.—The sportsman who, for the last three weeks, had grouse on the brain, complained one morning of shooting pains in his head. What the bag was has not been stated.

# "NINE BRAVE MEN."

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF  
TOBY, M.P.

*Caister, Monday.*

TO-DAY the rare August sunlight falls on the chancel of the old parish church through windows softly dight. It lights up the simple inscription, "To the glory of God, and in memory of nine brave men." These are they who, on a wild November night in last year, put out in their trusted lifeboat in answer to the signal for help flaring on the Berber Sand. For two hours they fought with sea and storm before they could launch their boat. For some of us that would have been sufficient excuse to stay at home. They had striven hard. If the sea would only let them they would brave its dangers and go to the rescue of the helpless crew on the stranded ship. What would you? They had done their best. Let them get back to bed.

But, as old HAYLETT said when, at the inquest that followed, the Coroner asked whether at a perilous moment they did not think of making for the shore, "Caister men never turn back."

At the end of two hours the lifeboat crew were still tugging at the oars, hoping to get out of the surf and make for the stranded ship. Five minutes more and they had passed the furious barrier and were tossing on the sea. They reached the vessel only to find that help had come from another quarter, and that the crew were saved. They put back to the shore, but almost as they reached it a gigantic wave lifted the boat in its arms and turned it upside down, with its crew of a dozen imprisoned in this strange vault. Three managed to crawl out. Nine found a watery grave, with their own familiar boat overtopping them as a tombstone.

This gallant deed, with its tragic ending, stirred the nation to profoundest depths. The "nine brave men" were past help or redemption. The wives and little ones left behind became the people's care. A sum exceeding £12,000 was promptly subscribed, and the widows and orphans are liberally provided for. The memorial window in the parish church is the drowned sailors' share of the tribute. In the simple hearty words spoken by the Bishop after the dedication of the window, he mentioned that there remained on it a debt of £150. "This congregation can," he said, "if they like, wipe off the debt before they leave the church."

And they did. The collection having been made, a visitor from London sent a message to the Rector undertaking to make up whatever sum was necessary in supplement.



## THE INTERPRETATION OF SIGNS.

*Custodian.* "THIS 'ERE'S A PRIVATE ROAD, MISS! DIDN'T YER SEE THE NOTICE-BOARD AT THE GATE, SAYIN' 'NO THOROUGHFARE'?"

*Placida.* "OH YES, OF COURSE. WHY, THAT'S HOW I KNEW THERE WAS A WAY THROUGH!"

Fine weather on Caister beach this morning. German Ocean laps the shore as gently as if it had never broken up a ship or drowned a sailor. Yet a little way out its white teeth flash ominously over a shoal. On the beach is a curious wooden structure approached by a long range of ladder-like steps. It is the crow's nest from which, night and day, watch is kept over the far-reaching ocean. Close by is a bell, the sound of which is only too familiar in Caister. It was rung on November 14, 1901, summoning the lifeboat crew from their comfortable beds, to which nine out of twelve never returned. On the beach we came across old HAYLETT, still hale in spite of his more than seventy years, hearty

even under the crushing memory of two sons and a grandson entombed under the lifeboat.

"How many times have you been out in the lifeboat?" the MEMBER FOR SARK asked.

The old man turned with a surprised look. Only a landsman, a lubber from some distant town, would ask such a question.

"Lor' bless yer!" said HAYLETT, "hundreds o' times. I never kep count."

We might, if we were so disposed, reckon up how many times we have crossed the Channel on holiday bent. A Caister fisherman doesn't count up how often he does such a natural ordinary thing as put out on a stormy





### SNUB FOR A SNOB.

*English Tourist.* "AW—THAT BUTTERMILK WAS VERY NICE, MY DEAR. WHAT PAYMENT DO YOU EXPECT FOR IT?"

*Cottage Girl.* "WE WOULDN'T BE AFTER ASKING ANY PAYMENT. SURE WE GIVE IT TO THE FISH!"

night to save the lives of unknown mates in peril on the sea.

The KING, ever ready to do a gracious act, sent for HAYLETT to present him with the medal decreed to him for saving life.

"The fust pusson I come across, in the Palace," said HAYLETT, gazing reflectively on the breakers on the shoal, "was the Prince of WALES. Him and me got on all right together, for you see he's been afloat. 'HAYLETT,' says he, 'you wait here a bit till the KING heaves insight.' 'Right you are, Sir,' says I. When the KING come alongside he was quite affable. Shook me by the hand and passed the time of day real ornerally like. 'I'm an onlarn'd man, O KING,' ses I. 'I can't neither read nor

write. But this I do say. O KING, I hope you'll live to be a hundred, and may you and all your family go to Heaven arterwards.' He looked quite pleased."

SARK discerned in this quaint method of address to Royalty reminiscence of the morning lesson heard in church from boyhood's days. It was the old fisherman's paraphrase of the familiar address, "O King, live for ever."

Under the shelter of the grey church tower sleep together—their last watch below—the "nine brave men" of whom this old salt, with his recollections of affable Majesty, fathered three. Their bodies are under hatches. Their souls have gone aloft. But as long as there are fisherfolk in the village,

Caister may be counted upon to find nine others, if need be ninety more, to take their places. "Caister men never turn back." When the new lifeboat is finished, this legend should be inscribed by the tiller. No walled city, from the time of Troy, boasts a prouder motto.

### "LAUDABUNT ALII."

Oh! Aix is the place for the waters,  
And Nice for consumptives, no doubt;  
The Indies for mothers with daughters,  
And Carlsbad for fathers with gout;  
Some seek Monte Carlo to gamble,  
While some in the Tyrol will rove,  
And Norway's correct for a ramble,  
But I go to Trouville for love.

What sweet recollections nine letters  
Embody in spelling that name!  
What links in a chain of soft fetters,  
All silken and never the same!  
What dreams of blue seas and gay  
seasons,

Blue eyes, and blue heavens above—  
Globe-trotters have various reasons,  
But I go to Trouville for love.

I think the first year it was GERTIE,  
Bewitching American maid,  
With just enough go to be flirty,  
And just enough sense to be staid.  
To think of her wit, and her dancing,  
Those rides, and the seat in the grove;  
What wonder I found her entrancing—  
Of course I left Trouville in love.

How empty I felt and how sorry  
To meet her next season no more;  
How sweetly adorable FLORRY  
My tempers in consequence bore.  
My FLORRY—I soon had no pleasure  
Except in her smile: that's her  
glove,

Which I solemnly vowed I would treasure  
The night I left Trouville in love.

Then NELLIE, the player of tennis,  
Whose "left" was as good as her  
"right,"

To tell of whose prowess my pen is  
Inadequate, impotent quite.  
And LAURA, the haughty new-comer,  
Who dowagers doubted was fast,  
Who scorched me the whole of one  
summer,  
And left me a cinder at last.

And ANNIE—But why should I linger  
My various follies to name,  
To tell off each one on a finger?—  
The place, 'tis the place that's to  
blame.

There's a spell in the air, I maintain it,  
A spell from the planets above—  
Astrologers, ye may explain it,  
While I go to Trouville for love.